

WHEN WERE THE GOOD OLD DAYS?

The First Day of Football Practice



How the New Law Against Habit Forming Drugs Is Working

By WILLIS STEELL.

HOW are habits formed? At 2 o'clock one morning you wake up unaccountably from a sound sleep. You're restless and to settle your nerves you light and smoke a cigarette.

That's the start. You don't believe it? Listen. Next morning you hear the clock strike 2. You say to yourself: Is this going to be a regular thing? Without waiting for the answer you automatically start for a cigarette, but you pull yourself up and the following colloquy ensues:

"I don't want a cigarette." Something or somebody asserts that you do. "I'm not going to form a habit of smoking in the middle of the night," you say with an air of finality. The answer to this is a jeer: "Form a habit by smoking one or two cigarettes! Are you such a weakling? Can't you indulge an innocent craving once in a while?"

Of course you can and you smoke. In a week, in two weeks, you wake up regularly at 2 A. M. and smoke a cigarette, or two cigarettes, or three cigarettes.

It's as easy as that—this habit business.

Drug Addiction Is Old

As China's Civilization

This article isn't being written on a wager, but the assertion was made when it was contemplated that nobody at this late day could write a story about drug addicts that would be read.

The subject is certainly old enough. It is as old as opium and that is as old as China, and China boasts of the oldest civilization of the world.

Drug addiction has been written about ad nauseam. De Quincey's claim on us rests principally on his "Confessions of an Opium Eater," but while everybody knows about it few read it. De Quincey is an eloquent, a powerful writer; he is, in fact, too eloquent, he knows too many words, his sentences are too long. He fatigues the ordinary mind; but the confessions of the poor devils who are to-day in the ruthless grasp of that biggest of all the devils, opium, are simple; they tell of their agonizing struggles to free themselves in poor, one syllable words. Their stories are very often lying stories, but they mix up the truth in them too. And the listener, if he has any judgment of what is true and false, soon is able to discriminate.

For more than a month a new drug law has been working. Under it addicts, discovered or confessed, are arrested or placed under surveillance by the Police Department in charge of Dr. Carleton Simon, officially commissioner, sent to a public hospital or to an institution more or less penal, according to circumstances and Dr. Simon's decision. Seven hundred of these cases have been passed on by him in thirty days. He shoulders a terrible responsibility.

Not all the poor devils are forcibly brought before him. Many come of their own accord, hoping, but almost without hope, that he

Many Addicts Surrender to Dr. Carleton Simon, Special Deputy Police Commissioner, in Hope of Being Cured—Victim's Own Will Essential to Reform

will pronounce some formula that will cure them. Whatever he advises these amenable unfortunates will do, or try to do, which is not the same thing. If he practised a black art which still could cure them there is no power in reason or religion that would keep them from trying it.

And they are aware—these hopeless ones—when they put themselves in his power, that they are deliberately shutting off their source of supply of the stuff that keeps them alive. They realize that they will be given what an unhappy bit of slang calls "the cold turkey treatment." This means that they will have to tell where they got their "dope," which is to be taken from them to the least tiny atom. No tapering off process under the new law. Who can realize the courage these victims of a drug display as they trail into Dr. Simon's office? It is the courage of despair.

In front of the Commissioner sat the other day a good looking Irish woman, well dressed, healthy in appearance except for her eyes, the telltale eyes of the drug fiend. She had come to Police Headquarters of her own volition. Here is the story she told:

"I am over thirty and I come from Ireland three years ago. It was easy for me to get work as chambermaid in a big hotel where the wages was good. I sent money back to the folks every fortnight. Then they give me charge of the linen room and the wage was more. I kept myself to myself and held my speech on all the gossip round me. I was getting along fine.

"Then with the damp towels, and so I got rheumatism. I ached terrible and nothing helped. One of the girls says she could get me something that would cure me aches, but a little of it cost \$3. I says I'll have it should it cost \$30. Next day she brought me a wee phial with some white powder, half a inch of it. I took it quick and I was a new girl. The stuff worked like magic. I asked for more and she brought it. For a year I used it, and it costing me \$3 a day, more than me wage.

"The time wasn't long when the dose give me no more help than so much sugar, and says I to the girl 'What's happened to me medicine?' She says I need a bigger dose, but to get it I must come along of her. I went quick; I had gone anywhere, my trouble was so deep.

"She takes me to the man she says she's living with, and with that she says she ain't married. I could see how far I had come when this made no difference. Once I was a good girl. I am a good girl now. God knows I am—"

She began to cry bitterly, but with long, slowly dropping tears.

"You believe me, don't you, Mister? I could go back to Ireland if I was free of

the stuff and swear it to me old mother!"

"The man she took me to done no work, but he sold heroin to poor folks like me. And when he asked me \$6 for little more than my first dose I paid it quick. Six dollars a day it has been costing me since, and all me savings out of the Emigrant Bank is gone; he's got 'em. Now I ain't able to get so much money—but I must have me medicine! I've scraped and borrowed and contrived till I see that to get the money I would steal. And me an honest girl!"

There Is but One Cure:

One Only, Says Dr. Simon

She wiped her eyes as Dr. Simon said: "One person, and one only, can cure you." "Who is it, Mister? I would take anything, do anything—"

"That person is yourself. You have to will to cure yourself, and you can do it if you will try hard enough."

The woman looked dazed and began to ask if there was no medicine or treatment. Finally the truth broke through her troubled understanding and she clasped her hands imploringly, begging to be told more. The Commissioner asked her if she was a Catholic, and she answered yes.

"I will send for the priest in headquarters who tries to comfort and help the people of your religion. You will talk to him and tell him all you have told me, and more. Then he will bring you back to me and I shall have decided where to send you. Oh, not to an institution (for she had looked at him in terror), to people who will be your friends and who will do all in their power to help you in your fight. For it is *your* fight. You have to conquer yourself."

There's the rub, as Hamlet said, who had little will himself. It is precisely the will that narcotic drugs attack. A drug fiend has no will; he cannot exert what he hasn't got. In so short a time as to be almost incredible the drug user loses all control of his appetites. His will disintegrates, corroded by opium. If it ever had a firm texture, in a few months of indulgence, sometimes in a few weeks, that will becomes as impalpable as a fine dust blown by the lightest breeze of desire.

The death of the will precedes that of the body, and before the latter gives outer signs of breaking down it joins the senses in demanding the accustomed drug. This demand is a thousand times more insistent than the craving of a whiskey soaked body for its stimulant.

Drug fiends therefore are sick in a double sense. Their bodies are sick, their nerves are sick unto death. What will the "cold turkey" treatment do for them except to lead them by an unexampled calvary to a horrible death, longer drawn out, more agonizing than crucifixion?

But the physician who believes in cutting off all drugs from the patient looks out more hopefully. He says both body and nervous system can be built up again, restored to normal health by proper food, by admirable conditions and by reawakening the soul! To cause the patient to hope for a cure is the first step, to get him to will a cure is the whole distance.

How widespread the drug habit is, few realize. A society woman who established a business address in this city for offering an English "cure" for the drug habit has announced as a result of her experience that three-fourths of society uses some kind of drug. It is possible that coming into such close contact with addicts as she did caused her to exaggerate. Her interest was as much philanthropic as business; that is, no sufferer was refused the remedy if he could not pay for it. The results of this business-philanthropy seemed encouraging for a time. The remedy was a tapering off process, and many addicts, in their first relief, testified to its efficacy. The fame of the remedy spread.

A faithful believer in this remedy was a clever woman who had been cured by it, and she offered to take charge of the office in a sort of philanthropic way, seeing and talking with the poor creatures who came there for relief. She could talk to them understandingly because she made no secret but rather gloried in the statement that she had herself been cured.

A year passed, and her work of devotion, for it was really this, continued with admirable results. Then one morning the business clerks connected with the place found her in a state of coma on the floor of the waiting room. She had drained off bottle after bottle of the remedy in order to get the full effect of her favorite drug. The woman did not die, as it was feared at first she must, but she is still in an institution.

Dr. Simon's office at Police Headquarters shows a second rogues' gallery of portraits of venders who have been stirred out of their nests by the countrywide search for them, inaugurated by this active official, who devotes his life to their discovery and the destruction of their business. From Seattle to the borders of Mexico they are being hunted down, and some queer incidents result from the relentless search. Under the Mann act, for instance, the Federal officers hunted the country over for a vender named Silver who, when they last heard of him, had been seen at work in Calgary. He slipped through their meshes. When Dr. Simon's aids took up the search again they found him. Silver, under another name, is in Leavenworth prison working out a three year term for selling forbidden drugs, after paying a fine of \$1,000 to the Government.

In the Deputy Commissioner's office is to

be seen also a very interesting exhibit of narcotic drugs. Beginning with the father of them all, opium, the poppy flower is shown, then the gum that it exudes, in various raw and prepared forms. A glance at these exhibits quickly clears up some errors that are general in the minds of people. From the poppy flower and seed come gum opium, leaf and mud, shown in its highest form as prepared for an exclusive market to the yen shea, or scrapings from the bowls of pipes. Then comes morphine, opium also, in cubes and powders, and lastly heroin, which is diacetylmorphine hydrochlorate. This is the favorite dope of the addict and the chief dependence of the street vender because it is easily concealed and can be snuffed by the nose. It is not a by-product, as many persons mistakenly think, but real opium.

Cocaine is another product. It comes from the cocoa leaf and the commercial product depends on the supply from South America. This produce, mainly prepared in Germany, is cocaine hydrochloric. Cocaine is not habit forming, but morphine and heroin are. These two drugs in the language of the addict are necessities, while cocaine is a luxury. As morphine is always used hypocritically it is not so easily handled as heroin, whence the popularity of the latter form of the opium drug.

Cannotis India (just to finish the lesson) is a product of India hemp. Mixed with opium it is called hasheesh. Cocaine also is generally a mixture having heroin added to it for effect.

Heroin then is the most popular narcotic, although it is more dangerous than morphine because of its powerful toxic effect. It is the cheapest, too, \$2 will provide a sufficient quantity for a beginner and from that up to \$5 as the quantity has to be increased is all his dope will cost him a day. Very long hours are a rule now—a day in the narcotic bureau at Police Headquarters and Dr. Simon, in charge, who, it should be remembered, receives no compensation for his services, is often at his office all day long and frequently is kept there until 2 A. M. He is indefatigable in running down the venders and their victims and is equally busy in discovering the distributing sources of the poison in the European markets, on which these venders, big and little, depend for supplies.

Work of Stool Pigeon

In Ferreting Opium Nests

The "stool pigeon" has to be depended on unfortunately, but as it has always been so will it always be in these sordid purloins of detestable crime. Through such a channel came vague information of a small flat in Carroll street, Brooklyn, which was raided recently. Furnished with table, chairs, a broken looking glass, &c., this flat yet

yielded to the officers a quantity of "dope" worth in the present state of the market, where opium is selling at \$55 a pound, almost a million dollars.

A haggard, anemic youth of the "stool pigeon" variety was boasting the other day of what he had done the night before in uncovering a nest of heroin. His talk was a mixture of profanity and lies and facts, which had to be extricated from the others. It began with a wail about his own condition:

"Since I'm off it, I can't eat nothin'—couldn't eat chicken if you give it to me. I'm always a-coughing and I spit up green stuff half the time. But I'm off the dope. Want to know what I done last night? Say, I'm the feller, nobody else could a done it. Took the cops right to the nest."

"On the corner 'round here by the Bowery a fellow comes up to me with the high sign. 'Got it?' asks I. 'Hell, no,' says he; 'think I'm taking chances'."

"He leads me up to a cellar on East 119th street, where a Italian takes me, and he pays my fare back to Seventy-sixth street. There another guy takes Willie's little hand, and up we goes to The Bronx. An old woman—looks like she must be 80—she has the stuff, and I buys a little card box of heroin for \$2."

"They was two or three others waitin' till I come. They hadn't got the \$2. Neither did I have it, but we all chips in and shares the box after she produced it. She chased us right out when we got it, and the others sniffed theirs right away. Me; I bring my share down to the boss."

The scene, the dealer, the purchaser, every item of this hidden traffic has been described by no less a writer than Charles Dickens. Most of us have shuddered over his description in "The Mystery of Edwin Drood."

Note from Dr. MacCracken

CONCERNING my interview in last Sunday's magazine, I am afraid that my enthusiasm for the woman's college may have led me not to exercise enough care in a few of the details. May I insert these few corrections:

Lindenwood College and the Woman's College at Rutgers are traceable to the attitude of the women's colleges in general, rather than to Vassar in particular, in restricting their numbers. Vassar should have been cited merely as an illustration.

In the same way, Vassar did not take the lead in organizing the Conference of Four Colleges, except that it was organized at Vassar.

The decision on the debate at Colgate was not unanimous, but two to one. One of the judges explained that Vassar was better in argument but not so good in form.

There was no intention to draw a contrast between employment agencies at women's colleges as compared to the men's.

It was not six Vassar graduates, but six members of the Vassar faculty who declined elections to deanships in the last year.